Good sense & intelligence in spite of all the Stracheys; with passionate family love well hallowed down. like the Balfours. It seems to be a long fight for Lytton - He remains reasonable, calm, with even argues about truth & beauty & thus vindicates the race of scholars

Sincerely

W.

Chauffeur Ha
Hygiène qu
J. Gauguelin

Wednesday 6th Jan 1932

How are E's letters. My word are you travelling today? But this kind of remark is no pleasure in a letter, & I've written so many as it's under working, that I can't do or even to you. I'm better though – oh yes: I wrote this morning: a vast plate of saddle of mutton did the trick: I'll tell you the story some time. Is it any good for your pain – plain roast meat in mauer?

Well Lytton is imploring, & we go back on Sunday I think & I hate this blasted season of misery is more or less over.

V.

13 Jan 1932

Wednesday

The news is very bad about Lytton tonight, though not quite hopeless. We're going to Haywards early tomorrow, as they think it may be some help— I shall come back on Friday— perhaps late tomorrow. I'm much better so there— not the least cark for me.

Take care of yourself

V.

(After Lytton Strachey's death)

52 T.S. / Jan 26. 1932

Well, I did it well, but was grateful for your note & rest secure in your understanding my silence & all the rest. As for my silence, I'm very rather involved in the usual miseries of the sort of occasion – Lord, how terrible suffer, & how human beings torture

Each other unnecessarily – But I cant go in to
this now: & its all over, – not the torture, no,
but after this week, I suppose we shall
be again as usual. I've had to see a
good many people, one way & another.
How are you? Well, Dont
bother to write if you're as busy as I'm so often, &
the Dumbs: but I should like to hear
that you're not stiffening or
stickening or horned

Rota 2.4.63

52 Tavistock Sqr. Jan. 29th. 1932

No, we're not at Prudwell. — I don't say I ever wish to go there again. Factories are rising on the river bank — Cement works — huge, vast, about as big as the Albert Hall. And the woman next door keeps Spaniels that bark all the morning. I'd much rather they were, or — in what's Whitechapel, or in any suburban road whose trees we don't a mark to be murdered each by each of those damnable buggers. I generally like buggers: I can't think of a word to tell them — that's all. My walks ruined for ever. The poor dear Woolfs are so miserable — so reasonable — we have them to dinner. I try to crack jokes: & then nothing happens, & I'm left with age, storm & brutality & resentment settling over them. For Lytton was their pride & their joy: & they're all ageing & most of them growing poorer, & then

violence & jealousy sprang up, even before Lytton died, so that there were scenes upon scenes; & the Strachey flat, leaving the house[illegible] to these unhappy mistresses, & deserted wives to quarrel in. But I cant explain: anyhow it's been a tragic & sordid week, & here's Olivia, the brother you met, coming in a minute to dine - what am I to joke about to night? I've been walking across Hyde Park in the dark; a desart of wide sticky it looked to be here, with all the trees dark as cinders, a negro setting on a seat alone, & avenues stretching on & on, till I thought I should walk for ever & never reach humanity again but I did— Marble Arch that's to say. I daresay I get an intensity of pleasure from the intensity of living other emotions. But I cant write without thinking of Lytton - never mind: I wont go into that. I liked hearing you snort - I mean your letter. I'm glad that you're buffeting about as usual. Lord! I must go & wash. V.

& a woman sobbing a heart-
as the Man Chair by Park

Rota 2.4.53

violence & jealousy sprang up, even before Lytton did, so that there were scenes upon scenes; & the Woolfs left, leaving the house to these unhappy mistresses, & deputed were to quarrel in. (but I cant explain: anyhow its been a tragic & sordid week, here; Oliver, the brother you met, coming in a minute to dine - what am I to joke about to night? I've been walking across Hyde Park in the dark; a desart & wide stimulating it looked in the rain, with all the trees dark as cinders, a negro sitting on a seat alone, & avenues stretching on & on, & till I thought I should walk for ever & never reach humanity again but I did— Marble Arch that's to say. I daresay I get an intensity of pleasure from the intensity & ying other emotions. 'But I cant write without thinking of Lytton — never mind: I wont go into that. I liked hearing you snort - I mean your letter. I'm glad that you're buffeting about as usual.

Lord! I must go & wash. V.

& a woman sleeping a ha
in an arm chair by Pa

Sunday. [52 T.S] Feb 2nd 1932

No, as I expected. Want come tonight. There's a farewell dinner to Clive, who's returning to Rome tomorrow to prosecute an affair with a rich American - rather half-heartedly I think, but what would you? - turned so as he is. So I've given your ticket to a musical clerk in the office, which I judge her, as I should like to hear you, with your gift for satisfying the connection between you & the audience — May I